

ELEGIA GRAYIANA

GRÆCE.

ACCURAT EDITION

BRITANNIAE EPISCOPALIS

BRISTOLIENSIS

ELEGIA GRAYIANA

GRÆCE.

ΕΛΕΓΙΑ ΓΡΑΥΙΑΝΑ

ΓΡΕΚΕ.

ELEGIA GRAYIANA

GRÆCE,

ACCEDIT ETIAM

EPITAPHIUM IN ECCLESIA EPISCOPALI

BRISTOLIENSI

ET GRÆCE REDDITUM,

INTERPRETE

EDVARDO TEW, A. M.

COLL. ETONENS. SOCIO.

LONDINI:

E TYPOGRAPHEO J. NICHOLS;

VENEUNT APUD R. FAULDER.

MDCCXCV.

J. Gray k 5

641. L. 21
5

ELEGIA GRAYIANA

GRACE

ACCREDITED

EPITAPHIUM IN ECCLESIA EPISCOPALI

BRISTOLIENSIS

ET GRACE REDDITUM

INTERPRETE

EDUARDO T. W. A. M.

COLL. ROTONDI. SOCI.

LONDON

A. THOMPSON & SONS

PRINTED BY A. THOMPSON & SONS

MILTON

L E C T O R I S.

PAUCIS, amice Lector, te præmoneri velim, me neque in exercitationibus hisce versari labores improbantem alienos, neque ineptè inferentem meos. Liceat enim sperare, liberalibus præsertim in studiis, ut certari simul possit & amicè & suaviter.

Si quis forsan existimet, me ad hæc opera paulo feriùs delatum, ex eorum qui antecesserint studiis, melioribus auspiciis accedere, eandemque mihi aliorum vestigiis insistenti faciliùs patere viam, hâc ipsâ ratione & laborari interdum meminerit. Quædam sint, de quibus bene dici nisi semel vix possit: verendum est igitur, ne cautiùs evitando quæ priùs dicta fuerint, ut alieno labore non sim disertus, ea minùs accuratè exprimantur; optimisque occupatis, quicquid aliter dixerim, deterius futurum sit.

Quod ad eorum sententiam attinet, qui Musas nostras Græcè loquentes neutiquam patiantur, & cognationem ullam adeo non intercedere contendunt, ut rem non omnino tractandam esse censeant, paucis deprecari liceat. Est cujusque scilicet Linguae suum dicendi genus & copia & virtus; quàmque arduum sit sua cuique convenientia reddere nemo non fateatur. Quædam etiam fortasse sint, quæ, ut loci magis propria & morum patrio quasi solo inhærescere videntur, vix quidem neque summo sine periculo aliò transferri possint. In plerisque verò, & quæ in medio & in naturâ posita sunt, & quæ, ut cognationis jura faciliè patiuntur, communi quodam vinculo tenentur, non adeò diverso cœlo aut moribus utimur, ut de iis propriè dicere in quâvis linguâ sit difficile. Et si in vertendo parum profecisse videmur, non est, quòd Lingua nobis deficit, sed quòd ipsi deficimus; & quid cujusque proprium sit, quid variæ loquendi formæ vicesque postulent, planè nescimus.

Videant autem ii, ne in conversione plus quàm rei natura & ratio patitur, iniquè sibi polliceantur. Non in mores alienos & ornatus cuius ita transire fas sit, ut non de patrio extet ali-

quid, & emineat; non alterius ita ferre personam, ut non
 prodatur suam. Detur igitur, neque enim dissimulandum est,
 perfectissimæ hujus Elegiæ veros colores non ab ullius vel ac-
 curatissimæ interpretationis fide ad vivum exprimi posse, quan-
 quam in eâ multi non sine laude versati sint: ita tamen eos
 forsitan adumbrare liceat, ut aliquatenus originem nec inho-
 nestè referant; & si non purâ ejus & tota effigies, extrema sal-
 tem lineamenta clarè perspiciantur. Ne igitur muneri suo &
 officio parùm satisfecisse existimetur, qui pro ingenio linguæ
 & naturâ aptè & diligenter retulerit, quantum referri possit;
 & si non se verè Atheniensem, neque enim profitetur, osten-
 derit, Interpreti saltem condonetur, quòd non omnino hospes
 & Athenis insolens esse videatur.

Quod reliquum est, utcunque conatus nostri ceciderint, In-
 terpretationem hanc, fidam satis ut spero, minimè licet pro
 Carminum venustate ornatam, velim æquo animo accipias.
 Neque graventur admodum aut ægrè patiantur ii, quibus te-
 merè manus injecisse, & quos peregrino quodam ornatu in
 publicum ultro protulisse videar. Hæc scilicet eorum est con-
 ditio, quorum inter præstantissimos cujuslibet artis magistros

gravis est auctoritas, & exemplum quod sequi velles: quorumque virtutibus immorari dulce adeò & meminisse jucundum est, ut rudi operâ utcunque adumbratas magis adhuc innotescere velimus. Id tamen vereor, ne dum studio meo & observantiæ solummodo inservire cupiam, amici parum prudentis partes egisse, & causam eorum, quos maximè honestare vellem, officiosâ sedulitate prodidisse inveniar: neque enim, quod harum elegantiarum ratio postulet, me vel modicè affectum fuisse, aut quod ne nostris quidem placuerit, aliorum votis responsurum esse facile speraverim.

G. R. A. Y. S. I. E. L. E. G. Y.

ELEGIA GRAYIANA

GRÆCE.

B

GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Ε Λ Ε Γ Ε Ι Α.

ΤἩΛ' ἤχει κώδων νέον ἥματ' ἀνομένοιο·
 Μυκηθμῷ βοῆς ἀμπεδίου γ' ὑπ' ἀμολγῷ ἀλῶνται
 Ὀκνηρῶς, ἀροίῃ δὲ καμὼν οἰκόνδε βαδίζει,
 Κᾶμοι ἐπερχομένη μούνῳ καταλείπεται ὄρεφτι.

Ποικίλα νῦν τυτθὸν παραφαίνεται εἶδεα γαῖης·
 Αἶθερι θεσπεσίῃ σιγῇ μόνον ἐμβασιλεύει·
 Κάνθαρος εἰ μὴ που βομβῶν κυκλοῖ ἡεροφῶιτις,
 Χαλκίου ἢ θέλκλις κλύπος ἔρκεσι πῶεα κοιμᾷ.

Ἐνδοθεν εἰ μὴ που κισσῆρεος αὐτόθι πύργου
 Γλαυξ μέγ' αὔσε φυγὰς, πότιν τ' ἐπικέκλετο Μνηῶν
 Αἰὼν ὀλοφυρομένη, σκιερῶν γ' ὅτι τις πέλας αἴθρων
 Ἀφραδέως προμολῶν παλῶϊον ἐκβαλεν ἀρχῆς.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to the fickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Τῆς δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ πτελέας, ἢ σμίλακος ἀμφικέμοιο,
 Οἰδάνει ὀκνώδης οὐ χώμασιν αἶα κέρισι,
 Συνλόμῳ οἱ προγόνου καμῆς ἐν μνήμαθ' ἕκαστος
 Ὑστατ' ὀφειλόμενον κοιμῶνται ἀπήμενος ὕπνον.

Οὐκέτι τὰς θυόεσσ' ἡδυπνότε ἤρος ἰωή,
 Οὐκέθ' ὁμωρόφιός λιγὺ καλλιπῆσα χαλιδῶν,
 Οὐ μέλος ἡεροφώνος ἀλέκτορος αὐθι χαμεύων,
 Οὐδὲ κυνηγίικα κέρας πάλιν ἦχος ἐγγίζει.

Τοῖσιν ἐπ' εὐχαρόφιν φανεῖ οὐκέτ' ἐφέστιος αὐγὴ,
 Δειλινὸν ἢ κεδνὴ δόρυπον ποιπνύσει ἀκοίλις·
 Οὐ προδραμῶν νόστον πατρὸς ἀγγελεῖ, ἢ τραυλίζων
 Χαῖρε, παῖς λάβοι ἐν γόνασι μημὶ ἡδὺ φιλήμα.

Λήϊον ὡς δρεπάνῳ, μόχθων γέρας, ἄφθονον ἡμῶν
 Ὡς ἀρότρω πυκινῶς ἤρεικον ἀμήχανον ὦλκα·
 Πρῶτ' μάλ' ὡς ἀγρόνδε γεγηθότες ἦγον ἀμάξαν·
 Ὡς σιβαροῖς πελέκεσσι καλῆριπεν ἀσπέλος ὕλη.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r;
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave;
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
 Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Μή τις ἔρως δοξῆς, μηδ' ἀπλοά ὕβρις αἰν' ἤδη
 Τέξπνα θ' ὁμῶ σκώψαιτο, καὶ ὠφέλιμ' ἔργα πενήτων
 Μηδ' ἄρ' αἶν' ὅσσα κάμον, τοιῶνδ' ἐπεὶ ἔ' λόγος ἐστίν,
 Ὅλκος ἀγνηογῆς ποιε κερτομῆσι διώκοι.

Εὐγενέων προγόνων κλέος, ἢ μεγαλαυχέος ἀρχῆς,
 Κάλλεος ὅσσα φέροι, πλῆτοί τ' ἐφίμερα δῶρα,
 Οἰκίρον ὁμῶς μίμκει καὶ ἅπασι πεπρωμένον ἡμας·
 Δοξῆς καὶ τέλος ἐστίν ἀνεξόδου εἰν Ἀϊδάο.

Μὴ χαλεπῶς νεικεῖθ' ὑπερήφανοι, εἰ περὶσημον
 Οὐδ' ὑπομῆμ' ἀρετῆς, ἔδ' ἀγλαον ἥριον ἐστὶν
 Ναῶ ἐν ευγλύπῳ, ὅπε ἔρανομήκεες εὐχαὶ
 Ευφήμεσι πνεύσει συνοίμιον ὕμνον αἰοιδαῖς.

Ἡ στήλῃς κενοδόξου ἄρ' ὠφελει, ἢ τ' ἄρ' ἐπαῖνος
 Εἰκονος ἐμψύχοιο, ἐπεὶ θάνον, ὥστε νέεσθαι;
 Ἡ βαίον τι κλέος ἀπαθῆ κόιν ἐκκίνησεν;
 Ἡ μαλάκοις τις ἔθελξέ ποτ' ἔαλα κῶφ' Ἀϊδάο;

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the reins of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Τῶνδ' ὀλίγων τυχὸν ἐνὶ οὐρανῷ τις ἀδοξᾷ ἰαυοί,
 Οὐδ' ἀπυρόν τι μὲν παλαι ἔπνεεν ἄλκιμον ἦτορ,
 Ἄξι' ἰφθιμῶς καὶ ἐν ἐκπρεπέσσιν ἀνάσσειν,
 Ἐνθεον ἢ γε λυγρὰς ταχ' ἂν ἴδεις ἄωτον ἐγείρειν.

Σκῦλ' ἀρχαῖα χερόν, προγόνων τε παλαίφαλα ἔργα,
 Οὐδ' ἐκάλ' ἂν Σοφίῃ κειμήλια τοῖσδ' ἐπέτασεν.
 Ζῆλον ἐλευθερίᾳ Πηνία φρενὸς εἰρξέε δυσανῆς,
 Γεναῖας τε εἶον κρυμῶ καλερήτυεν ὀσμῆς.

Ὅσσαι γ', ἐν βένθεσσιν ἀμάετρυοι ὠκεάνοιο,
 Ἐλπίμοι προχέουσι λίθοι σέλας ἄγλαον αὐτῶς.
 Ἄερος ἐς κενὴν τέρψιν μόνον ὅσσα φύονται
 Ἄνθε', ἐξημαίαις ἠδὲ πνεύοντι ἐνὶ βήσσαις.

Ἀμδηνός τις ἂν αὐτόθ' ἴσως, ὅς ὑπείρχει ἀγρῶν
 Θαρσύνει φρεσὶν ἧσι τυράνῳ ἐναντίος ἔσθῃ.
 Μνήματι Μιλίωνός τις ἀμυσσὶ ἀεικεῖ, πάτρης
 Ἄιμαλ' ἐμφύλας Κερμοήλ τις ἀναίτιος εὐδοί.

Th' applause of lift'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Μύθον ἀγασσάμενων λάων βουλῆς ἀγορεύειν,
 Ἄλγε' ὁμῶς, πενίαν τε παθεῖν τετληότι θυμῷ,
 Ευπορίαν πλούτον τε νέμειν, παλὶν αὐτὶς ἐπαυρεῖν
 Παλίδῳ· εὐνοίῃ ἀρετῶν χαρίεσσαν ἀμοιβήν,

Οὐ φθάνον, οὐδ' ἔτυχον· ἀλλ' εἰ φθονέοιό περ αἶσα
 Τοῖσδ' αἰρήσιμα φρενέειν, καὶ ἀπέσχεθ' ἀναΐδεα ῥέζειν,
 Οὐ κροῖέειν εἶασε τυράννιδῳ, οὐδ' ἀκλαυτεῖ
 Ἀιμαλίοινα τρηπαῖα φέρειν ὀλεσιμυρῶτος ἀλκῆς,

Γηήσιον οὐ κεῦθειν πάθῃ, ἢ ψεύδεσθαι ἀληθοῦς
 Γενναίας τ' ἐρύθημα καλᾶσθαι εὐχρον αἰδοῦς·
 Οὐδ' ἱεργὸς στέφανον Μουσῶν ἀνθεσσι πλέκοντας
 Ἐς κλέος ἀμωμοῖσι θέμεν κενεαυχέῃ ὄκνου.

Τῇλ', ἀπάνευθ' ἐρίδων, τῇλ' ἀφρονέοντι ὁμίλου
 Εὐαίων', ἀσινῇ βίον ὡς ῥήϊστα διῆγον.
 Τοῖσδε μέμηλε μόνον, εἴ πως τύχοι, ὅχλα ἀνευθεν
 Ἀψοφον ἦκα τείβον ταμέειν βιότοιο λαθῶσιν.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deckt,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Ἄλλ' ἔτι καὶ τοιῶνδε τάφων ἀπαμυνέμεν ὕβριν,
 Ἀξέσθ' σημεῖα πλάκῃ, ἐπίγραμμά τ' ἄμυσον,
 Ἦ γε λίθῃ τις ἄμορφῃ ἀναρμόστοις ἐνὶ ρύθμοις
 Μνήμα φιλοφροσύνης ὀλίγον παρόντας ἀπαίει.

Γράμμασιν ἀντ' ἐλεγείας αἰκέειν, ἀντὶ τ' ἐπαίνου
 Οὐνομάτων ἐτέων τε λόγον μόνον ἔφρασε Μῆσα,
 Σύμβολά τ' εὐσεβείας περιχεύατο ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
 Μορσίμῃ ὡς αὐτῆς προνοῶς μελεῖωσιν ἄγροικοι.

Τίς γὰρ ἂν, ὅσσα πάθοι, κεύθεσιν ἀνωνυμῇ ἄδῃ
 Τλαίῃ ὁμῶς γλυκερῶν τε βίῃ, κηδέων τε λαθέσθαι;
 Τίς χαίρειν εἶπεν πανίμερον ἡλίκ' αὐγὴν,
 Κ' ἐκ ἔθελεν, πάλιν ὅσσε τραπῶν, μίκρον τι βραδύνειν;

Ὁφθαλμὸς δὲ μύων, ψύχη δὲ τιν' ἔσθλον ἔταιρον
 Ζηεῖ ἀποπλάμενη, στοργῆς δὲ τι λείψανον αἰτεῖ
 Φθέγγεται ἐκ τύμβου φυσέως ἔτ' ἀμοιβᾶδ' αὖδῃ,
 Πῦρ δ' ἄρ' ἔτ' ἀκάμαλον σπόδῳ, ὡς παρὸς, ἔμπεδον αἶθει.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :

“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,

“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,

“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,

“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

“ His little length at noontide would he stretch,

“ And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

“ Him have we seen the greenwood side along

“ While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,

“ Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,

“ With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Ἄλλὰ σύγ' ὅς μνήμων καὶ τῶνδ' ἀγεράσις ὁμίλῃ,
 Οὐ φθονέεις ἐνέργισι φέρειν ἔυφημον αἰοδὴν,
 Εἰ μελεῶν καὶ ταῦτ' ἂν ἴσως πάλαι ἐξερεεινῇ
 Τίς σοι ὁμοφρονέων, ποιας τυχὸν ἔλλαχες αἴσης,

Τίς τάχα κωμάτων πολιορκετόταφός ποτ' ἂν εἴπῃ
 “Πολλάκις ἀμπέδιον πάλαι εἶδομες αὐτὸν ὑπ' αἰῶ
 “Σπερδὴ ἀποσκέδασαι νολίαν ποδὶ κεφῶ ἔεσσαν,
 “Ἀλίῳ εἰν θ' ὑπάτα φθάνειν χαίροντα κολώνῃ.

“Τὰςδε ὑπαὶ φαγοῖο, ἀνώμαλον ἅπλοκίοισι
 “Βεβομένα κλάδεσιν ρίζας ἀνίησιν ἐνεσθεν,
 “Αθρόα γυῖ' ἀμελῶς εἴψας χαμαὶ ἐνδιάασκε,
 “Νάμαλος ἐγκύψας ἀτενῶς λαλαγεῦντι ῥέεθρῳ.

“Τῆνον δ' ἂν νάπῳ αἰπὺ ἐσείδομες, εὔτε καμόντας
 “Ἀλιῷ ὅψε δύνων πάλιν ἀγροθὲν ὥρσε νεέσθαι,
 “Ἀνικά τ' ἐν θαμνοῖς κόρυδῳ μέλῳ ἔσπερον αἶσεν,
 “Ἀκλίνων πυμάτον σέλας ὀψείοντα δοκεύειν.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
“ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies, he would rove,
“ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
“ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn, I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
“ Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
“ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
“ Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
“ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
“ Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn.”

“ Νῦν γελόων τι σεσαρὸς ἔβα, πύκα χείλεσι μύσδων

“ Νῦν ὦχετο λεπὶός τε, καὶ ηφιδῶνι ἐοικώς,

“ Φαίης γ’ ἀφραϊνόνι τιν’ ἔμμεναι, ἢ παθόντα

“ Σχέτλιον ἐμπίκευ ὑποκάεδιον ἔλκος ἐξωλῶ.

“ Ἦς δ’ ἄμαρ, τὸν δ’ ἐκέτ’ ἀνέυρομες, εἶδε κολῶνα

“ Οὐδ’ ἄρ’ ἀν’ εἰαμέμας, φάγον θ’ ὅπερ αἰδὺ καθῆσθαι

“ Τῷ δ’ ἐτέρῳ λειμῶνα καὶ ὡς παρῶ ἐκ ἐσίκανεν,

“ Οὐδ’ ἐτ’ ἀνὰ δρυμῶς, ἢ κρενὲς ἀπορρύτον ὕδωρ.

“ Οὐδ’ ἐπιδὴν μελέπειλα φίλων καὶ κόσμον ὀδυρμοῖς

“ Εἶδομες ἰθὺ βάδην γοεροῖς νέκυν ἐκφορέεσθαι.

“ Νῦν δ’ ἄγε, ἀλλ’ ἀν’ ὁράς, ἐπεὶ ξεῖν εἰ σύγ’ ἄμυστο,

“ Ἐν πλάκι γράπλα μαθῶν, ὑπὸ σεμνᾶς αὐτόθι ἀκάνθας.”

E P I T A P H.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,

A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth ;

And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;

Heaven did a recompence as largely send :

He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,

He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,

Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,

(There they alike in trembling hope repose)

The bosom of his FATHER and his God.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

Τῇ Νέῳ, ἔ τὸδε σῆμ', ἀκληρῶ, ἀφημῶ, ἐνείδει
 Πανδόχῃ ἐν γαίᾳς μηέρεῶ ἀγκαλίσιν
 Καὶ ἀγῆτης Μῆσαις φίλῶ ἔξοχα, Μελπομένη δε
 Δυσθυμῶς μελεῖωνθ' οἱ ὀνομῆεν ἐόν.

Εὐνοος ἦν, καὶ ἀπασι φίλῶ, φιλέοντι μάλιστα·
 Οὐδὲ μὲν ἐργασθέν μετερον ἔσχε γέρας·
 Δυστυχία, μόνον εἶχε, χαρίσασα δακρυ, Θεός τε
 Οἱ πάλι, τῷτ' ἐπόθει μῆνον, ἔδωκε φίλον.

Μὴ πέραν—ἀλλ' ἐτι δὴν, τι γ' ἐμήσατο, ἢ μεν ἔσθλον
 Ἦ κακόν, ἐξ ἀδύτων αἰδέο ἐξερεύειν
 Πάνθ' ὁμῶ ἐν κόλποις ΠΑΤΡΟΣ, ἵλας ἠδὲ ΘΕΟΙΟ
 Κάτθετο, καὶ τρυμέων, Ἐλπίδι πειθόμενῶ.

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

Τῷ Νικότῃ, ὃ τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀνδρὸς, ἀφ' οὗ, ἡρώδης
Παυλοῦς ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ
Καὶ ἀντὶ τῆς Μαρίας, ἡρώδης, Μαρίας
Δουλοῦντος καὶ ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ.

Εἰς τὴν ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ
Οὗτος ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ
Δουλοῦντος, ἡρώδης, καὶ ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ
Οἱ καὶ ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ.

Μετὰ τὴν αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ
Ἡ καὶ ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ
Παῦλος ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ
Καὶ ἐν τῇ αἰνῇ καὶ ἐν τῇ καλῇ.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which Heaven to lately gave.

EPITAPHIUM

IN ECCLESIA BRISTOLIENSI

GRÆCE REDDITUM.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON,
IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave.
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm;
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and sincere in love;
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
'Twas e'en to thee; yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the Pure in heart behold their God."

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

ἮΡΕΜΑ σοῖς κόλποισί σε λίσσομαι, ἴλασθ' Αἴα,
 Εἰ χάρις εἰν αἰδᾶό τό μοι φίλον ἔξοχα πάντων
 Ἦξέμ' ἐναγκαλίσαι, ἢ δῶρα πόθιν ὑπόδεξαι,
 Οὐρανὸς εὐμενεῶς ἅ μινυνθά περ ὥπασ' ἀρίστα.

ὦ κρηνοὶ πηγαί τ' Αὐωνίδες, οἴσθε, δυσαλγῆς
 Ἀχρεον ὡς ἰσχνὴν τε φέρον πρὸς ἀκέστορα κρήνην·
 Φεῶ μοῖρας αἰλίων τε πόνων! εἶδ' ὥς κακὸν ἦμαρ
 Ἐκφυγε, γευσομένη δ' ἀνάπλησεν ἐφ' ὕδασι οἶτον.

Ἦ εἰ ἀπόλωλε μάτην; τί πάθοι τυχὸν ἥσθει' ἂν ἦες;
 Κάλλεσθ' ἢ-τι χάρις, μίαν εἶδ' ἢ ἔτρεμεν αἴσθη;
 Εἶπον ἔνεσθε Μαριά, ἴσως γ' ἀπὸ μνήματος αὐδὴ
 Μελίχιος, τεὸν ἠδὲ λόγων πέσαι μελος, οἶδας
 Τίς χάρις ἐστ' ἀρετῆς, οἶδας τις ἀμύμονος αἰδῆς
 Εἰλικρινὲς φιλίας τε, καὶ ἀξιοπίστη ἔρωτος.

Εἶπον δ', εἰ φοβερὸν, σοὶ γὰρ βαρὺ, αἴσιμον ἦμαρ,
 Ἐκλέεσασιν ὁμῶς, ζηλῶσί θ' ὁμοῖα, πυλῶνας
 Οὐρανὸς ἀμπειάσει, ἢ ἀναγελεῖ ὑψόθεν αὐδὴ,
 “ Δεῦτε, ἢ ὑμέτερον ΘΕΟΝ εἰσογράσθε Δίκαιοι.”

ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ

Η ΠΕΜΑ τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ, Ἰωάννου, Ἀποστόλου

Εἰς Χρῆστον εὐχόμενος τὸν φῶτα ἀπολαύειν καὶ

ἡμῶν, ἐκκαλεσάμενος ἡμᾶς πρὸς τὸν ἀγαθόν, ἀποδοῦναι

ὁμοῦς ἐκμυστήριον τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι

τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς,

ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν,

καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι

τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς,

ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν,

καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι

τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς,

ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν,

καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι

τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς,

ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν,

καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι

τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς,

ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμᾶς, ἀποδοῦναι τὸν ἀγαθόν,

E R R A T A.

- P. 15. 1 ver. pro ἀπλοῖ ὕβρις ἀν—lege ἀπλοῖ ὕβρις ἀν
 3. pro ἐπεὶ—lege ἐπεὶ
- P. 17. 1. pro ἰαυοῖ—lege ἰαυοῖ
 2. pro ἦτορ—lege ἦτορ
 7. pro Πενία—lege Πενίη
 10. pro Ἐνίμοι—lege Ἐνίμοι
 11. pro Ἄερος—lege Ἄίρος
 15. pro αἰεκεῖ—lege αἰεκεῖ
- P. 19. 2. pro πενίαν—lege πενίην
 3. pro Ευπορίαν—lege Ευπορίην
 pro αὐτῖς—lege αὐτῖς
 9. pro ἀληθῆς—lege ἀληθῆς,
 20. pro ταμέιν—lege ταμέιν
- P. 21. 5. pro ἱπαίνε—lege ἱπαίνε,
 8. pro ατῆς—lege ἄτης
 13. pro Ὀφθαλμοῖς—lege Ὀφθαλμοῖς
- P. 23. 8. pro ἀμπίδιον—lege ἀμπεδίον
- P. 25. 1. pro μύσδων—lege μύσδων,
 2. pro ἰοικῶς—lege ἰοικῶς·
 5. pro σδε—lege σδε
 6. pro εἰαμέμας—lege εἰαμέναις
 7. pro σκ—lege σκ
 8. pro ἀπορρύλλον—lege ἀπορρύλλον
- P. 27. 3. pro ἀγενής—lege ἀγενής
 4. pro ἰόν—lege ἰόν.
 9. pro ἦε—lege ἦι
- P. 31. 9. pro ἦε;—lege ἦε;
 10. pro ἦ-τι—lege ἦ τί
 12. pro μέλος—lege μέλος

ERRATA

- Page 1. line 10. for "the" read "a"
Page 2. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 3. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 4. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 5. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 6. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 7. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 8. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 9. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 10. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 11. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 12. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 13. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 14. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 15. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 16. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 17. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 18. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 19. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 20. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 21. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 22. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 23. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 24. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 25. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 26. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 27. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 28. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 29. line 1. for "the" read "a"
Page 30. line 1. for "the" read "a"

